

The Critic

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Edgar Poe's Significance.

IN diagnosing this disease called Humanity—to assume for the nonce what seems a chief mood of the personality and writings of my subject—I have thought that poets, somewhere or other on the list, present the most marked indications. Comprehending artists in a mass, musicians, painters, actors, and so on, and considering each and all of them as radiations or flanges of that furious whirling wheel, poetry, the centre and axis of the whole, where else indeed may we so well investigate the causes, growths, tally marks of the time—the age's matter and malady?

By common consent there is nothing better for man or woman than a perfect and noble life, morally without flaw, happily balanced in activity, physically sound and pure, giving its due proportion, and no more, to the sympathetic, the human emotional element—a life in all these, unshifting, unrelenting, untrusting to the end. And yet there is another shape of personality dearer far to the artist-sense (which likes the lambent play of strongest lights and shades), where the perfect character, the good, the heroic, although never attained, is never lost sight of, but through failures, sorrows, temporary downfalls, is returned to again and again, and while often violated is passionately adhered to as long as mind, muscles, voice, obey the wondrous power we call volition. This sort of personality we see more or less in Burns, Byron, Schiller and George Sand. But we do not see it in Edgar Poe. While to the character first outlined the service Poe renders is certainly that entire contrast and contradiction which is next best to fully exemplifying it.

Almost without the first sign of moral principle, or of the concrete or its heroisms, or the simpler affections of the heart, Poe's verses illustrate an intense faculty for technical and abstract beauty, with the rhyming art to excess, an incorrigible propensity toward nocturnal themes, a demoniac undertone behind every page, and, by final judgment, probably belong among the electric lights of imaginative literature, brilliant and dazzling, but with no heat. There is an indescribable magnetism about the poet's life and reminiscences as well as the poems. To one who could work out their subtle retracing and retrospect, the latter would make a close tally no doubt between the author's birth and antecedents, his childhood and youth, his physique, his so-called education, his studies and associates, the literary and social Baltimore, Richmond, Philadelphia and New York of those times—not only the places and circumstances in themselves, but often, very often, in a strange spurning of, and reaction from them all.

The following from a report in the Washington *Star* of November 16, 1875, may afford those who care for it something further of my point of view toward this interesting

figure and influence of our era. There occurred about that date in Baltimore a public re-burial of Poe's remains, and dedication of a monument over the grave:

'Being in Washington on a visit at the time, "the old gray" went over to Baltimore, and though ill from paralysis, consented to hobble up and silently take a seat on the platform, but refused to make any speech, saying, "I have felt a strong impulse to come over and be here to-day myself in memory of Poe, which I have obeyed, but not the slightest impulse to make a speech, which, my dear friends, must also be obeyed."

'In an informal circle, however, in conversation after the ceremonies, Whitman said: "For a long while, and until lately, I had a distaste for Poe's writings. I wanted, and still want for poetry, the clear sun shining, and fresh air blowing—the strength and power of health, not of delirium, even amid the stormiest passions—with always the background of the eternal moralities. Non-complying with these requirements, Poe's genius has yet conquered a special recognition for itself, and I too have come to fully admit it, and appreciate it and him. Even my own objections draw me to him at last, and those very points, with his sad fate, will doubtless always make him dearer to young and fervid minds."

"In a dream I once had, I saw a vessel on the sea, at midnight, in a storm. It was no great full-rigged ship, nor majestic steamer, steering firmly through the gale, but seemed one of those superb little schooner yachts I had often seen lying anchored, rocking so jauntily, in the waters around New York, or up Long Island Sound; now flying uncontrolled with torn sails and broken spars through the wild sleet and winds and waves of the night. On deck was a slender, slight, beautiful figure, a dim man, apparently enjoying all the terror, the murk, and the dislocation of which he was the centre and the victim. That figure of my lurid dream might stand for Edgar Poe, his spirit, his fortunes, and his poems—themselves all lurid dreams."

Much more may be said, with considerations I have not touched upon. I most desired to exploit the idea put at the beginning. By its popular poets the calibres of an age, the weak spots of its embankments, its sub-currents (often more significant than the biggest surface ones), are unerringly indicated. The lush and the weird that have taken such extraordinary possession of Nineteenth Century verse-lovers—what mean they? The inevitable tendency of poetic culture to morbidity, abnormal beauty—the sickness of all technical thought or refinement in itself—the abnegation of the perennial and democratic concretes at first hand, the body, the earth and sea, sex, and the like—and the substitution of something for them at second or third hand—what bearings have they on current pathological study?

WALT WHITMAN.

Literature

The Mongols.*

THE first of these three volumes is devoted to 'The Mongols Proper and The Kalmucks,' and is illustrated by two large maps by E. G. Ravenstein of the Royal Geographical Society. The last two volumes (nearly eleven hundred pages) contain the history of 'The so-called Tartars of Russia and Central Asia.' Our acknowledgments for a copy of the work are due to the author. It has never been republished in this country and probably never will be. It is not of the kind that enterprising publishers are likely to 'convey'; and the number of Oriental scholars among us is not large enough to suggest the more legitimate publication of a work so voluminous and expensive. Few but Oriental scholars, with a good deal of enthusiasm, will ever go patiently through these near two thousand pages. Nor is this the fault of the work; but of

* History of the Mongols, from the 9th to the 19th Century. By Henry H. Howorth, P.S.A. 3 vols. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

the subject, or rather the peculiar presentation of it which the author has chosen to give. On this point, we are sure, he will quite agree with us, would doubt that we had had the patience to read and to master, in a certain sense, his bulky volumes if we had come to any other conclusion, and had taken for granted, because they were bulky, that they ought to be praised.

There is a frank, though half-humorous, half-pathetic, confession, in the preface to his first volume, of how well he understood what the popular estimate of his work must be. In referring to those whose aid or whose sympathy had helped him, he says—exclaims rather: 'Lastly, my wife, my ever patient wife, who has sat out many hundred lonely hours while I have turned over the dusty pages, who has resisted the importunities of many kind friends to burn the heap of dry-as-dust which I call my library. She has done what no amount of gratitude can repay; but there is one thing she will not dare to do, and that is to read my book.' How touching and tender a picture this is, of the wifely devotion of the lonely woman. How calmly she puts aside the desperate but despairing suggestion of exasperated friends, to pile into a holocaust the pernicious literature which was making him a dervish, and her a widowed wife. Yet even she could draw a line beyond which she could not trust the endurance of her sense of duty. Walter Scott says somewhere of the marriage ceremony of his time that it begins with 'dearly beloved' and ends with 'amazement.' This dear lady remembered all between—the vow of love and obedience, the sacred pledge of devotion 'till death do us part'; but she stopped short of the last word; amazement, surprise, confusion, bewilderment might prove too much, where so much had been borne already, should she read what he had written.

The difficulties of the task may be understood when it is considered that this is a history, beginning a thousand years ago, of nomadic tribes, wandering for centuries, with their families and such household goods as they possessed, in covered carts drawn by oxen, over the whole continent of Asia, from the White Sea to the south-eastern borders of Europe. Almost without any literature of their own, little can be known of them except as their history may have been written in various tongues, often by their enemies and only as incidental to the chronicles of the narrator. Even then much of it remains hidden away in inaccessible manuscripts or printed books no longer to be found; and that which is accessible is buried in languages which it is almost the labor of a lifetime to master. 'To be a profound Chinese, Persian, Armenian, Russian, German, French, and Latin scholar is in itself,' as Mr. Howorth says, 'an impossibility.' To those, therefore, who are profound scholars in one or another of these various tongues he has trusted for his material, using their translations of rare and little known books into such languages of Western Europe as are familiar to him. For the first time this obscure literature has been thoroughly collated, and the attempt made to trace in a single work the course of the Mongol race from its origin to our own time.

It is, upon the whole, an appalling story, viewed from that side of it which Mr. Howorth has undertaken to present. *Jingis Khan*, with whom—after a preliminary sketch of the Mongols when small and feeble and hardly-known tribes of barbarians—the history begins, was, if the half that is told of him be true, more literally the 'Scourge of God' than any other of the human monsters whose lives have been so much more terrible than deluge, pestilence, or earthquake in desolating the earth. One hopes that time, and distance, and the exaggeration of tradition have magnified the curse; that terrible as he was as a conqueror he was less so than he is represented, and that somewhere, now unseen and uncomprehended, there came to the world some providential compensation for his career. We read, for example, that the armies of *Jingis*, under the command of his three sons, in the autumn of 1220, entered *Khorassan*, the richest and most populous of the provinces of *Persia*. In November, two cities were captured, and their inhabitants, 70,000 in each, were slaughtered. In February, three months later, the main army arrived and other cities were besieged. *Meru*, one of the oldest cities in the world, and called its 'King,' was soon taken, and four days were consumed by the wretched people in filing out into the open country. Then they were massacred. It took thirteen days to count the corpses. There were, according to one authority, 1,300,000; according to another, only 700,000. Two months later, in April, the capital was taken; the place where it stood was sowed with barbed iron, and round about were piled, in three different heaps, the heads of 1,747,000 men, women, and children. The conquest of other cities

followed; in one, which surrendered without resistance on the promise that no lives should be taken, only 12,000 were killed. In another no number of the slaughtered is given, but they were 'piled up like a mountain'; no living thing, animal or vegetable, was spared, and the sands of the desert soon obliterated the place where the city had stood. In another, that held out against a siege of six months, the number killed was 1,600,000. In little more than a year, then, the lowest count of slaughtered people is over four millions, while the uncounted may have been a million or two more. This was the way in which the Great Khan founded the Mongol dynasty of Asia. His grandson, *Khubilai Khan*, who about half a century later reigned in China, established his throne by the sacrifice of 18,470,000 of the people of that empire.

Whatever may be thought of the accuracy of these numbers, the unscrupulous slaughter of all who opposed them was the chief characteristic of the Mongols. They were, says one of their historians, 'thievish as mice, strong as oxen, fierce as panthers, cautious as hares, artful as serpents, frightful as dragons, mettlesome as horses, obedient as sheep, loving of their offspring as apes, domestic as hens, faithful as dogs, and unclean as swine.' Add to this that they had no permanent homes and knew no such sentiment as love of country, but lived in tents and covered carts wherever they found the grass for their horses and oxen richest and most abundant. If any were spared when a district or a city was overwhelmed or surrendered, it was only the most beautiful of young girls, and the most skilful of artisans. The only serious business of life with them was war and the chase; what among other peoples was deemed useful labor (if, trusting to plunder, they did not altogether neglect it), they left to slaves. It is easy to see that their history must be largely the exploits of their khans. These were all, from generation to generation, of the blood of *Jingis Khan*, and their chief ambition was to emulate his example, and deserve, as he deserved, the title of the 'Scourge of God.' If sometimes there was a contest for succession among the princes of this royal blood, it lasted only till a brother could put a brother to death, a father could so dispose of rival sons, or a son could put a father out of his way. All Asia and much of Europe trembled for centuries beneath the terrible tread of these hordes, who trampled out industries, and arts, and peoples, and left behind them the silence of the desert and the solitude of ruined cities.

It is inevitable that there should be a certain monotony in the history of the succession and the careers of centuries of Khans, as like each other, and almost as unlike human beings, as the individual beasts in a numerous herd of jackals or wolves of the Asiatic steppes. How conscious the author himself is that these volumes will have few attractions for readers who, above all, seek to be entertained, we have already pointed out. But it would be doing the work scant justice, even in a sketch, should the impression be left that this is its most salient feature. While one almost marvels at the courage of undertaking such a task, one cannot fail to do homage to the patient and trying industry and the erudition which have been brought to bear upon a portion of human history so interesting to students. Those most disposed and those best qualified to criticise—not that the two by any means always go together—can hardly fail to be disarmed by the modesty and the candor of an author always oblivious of his own merits, and always ready to acknowledge and correct his own errors.

French Literature through German Glasses.*

THE name of Paul Lindau is of sufficient weight to make one curious to hear what he has to say concerning the literary celebrities of France. As a rule, Germans have never distinguished themselves by their capacity for sympathetic and unprejudiced judgment of the French; and since *Dumas*, the younger, published his silly preface to '*Faust*,' and even so cool-headed a scholar as *Renan* indulged in patriotic abuse of them (see his eulogy of *Claude Bernard*), the Teutons are hardly to be blamed for showing some retaliatory vindictiveness. *Julian Schmidt*, perhaps the most erudite of contemporary German critics, has, therefore, from a patriotic point of view, ample justification for his animosity to *Victor Hugo*, *Georges Sand*, and *Alfred de Musset*, although for his own posthumous reputation it would have been better if he had been able to take a larger view of them, Gauls though they were. It is needless to speak of the lesser lights who have gained applause by Pharisaical moralizing on the

* Aus dem literarischen Frankreich. Von Paul Lindau. Breslau und Leipzig: Druck und Verlag von S. Schottlaender.

wickedness of France, and incidentally exhibited their ears above their phylacteries. Paul Lindau's work is therefore the more remarkable for deviating from the prevailing fashion; and one is almost forced to take the author's Hebrew origin into consideration in order to account for his fair-mindedness. His essays, eleven in number, are unequal in length and thoroughness, some being hasty sketches, while others are elaborate critical and biographical monographs, showing extensive reading and acute judgment. Of this latter kind are the essays on Gustave Flaubert, Emile Augier, and Victor Hugo, and a very satisfactory study of Zola and the modern 'naturalistic' novel. That Gustave Flaubert is the father and Honoré de Balzac the more remote progenitor of the 'naturalism' affected by the literary scavengers of to-day, is beginning to be generally admitted, and it requires no acuteness of vision to detect the relationship between 'Madame Bovary' and 'Nana.' Nevertheless, it is as great an injustice to the former work to mention it in the same breath with the latter as it would be to measure the relative worth of Flaubert and Zola by their popularity. Flaubert had a theory to which he rightly or wrongly sacrificed all other considerations. With a grand heedlessness of public applause he labored on unweariedly in his hermitage near Rouen; and it caused him positive pain when his prosecution by the imperial censor gave him a sudden meretricious popularity. Zola, if we are to judge by his recently published essays on his contemporaries, has adopted Flaubert's so-called scientific theory of novel-writing; but his character differs in other respects no points of resemblance to that of his unacknowledged master. The excellence of an author, according to Zola, is to be judged mathematically by the semi-annual statements of his publishers, since this standard for the moment happens to place the author of 'L'Assommoir' and 'Nana' at the head of the list. In strict accordance with this vulgar test he has ranked the authors of France, ignoring, however, such popular favorites as M. Adolphe Belot, whose atrocious novels, not so very many years ago, sold by the hundred thousand. Zola lacks courage to place himself in the same category with the author of 'Mademoiselle Giraud, ma femme,' and so long as he shrinks from this final test of consistency, his theory loses its force and retains only its vulgarity. There is an anecdote related by Mr. Lindau, for which he vouches, and which certainly throws a dubious light upon the character of the 'scientific naturalist.' In the critical essays above referred to, which were originally printed in a Russian journal and reprinted in *Figaro*, Zola had made some exceedingly uncomplimentary references to his confrère, Jules Claretie. The latter, instead of defending himself, merely printed the following item in *Figaro*:

'M. Zola, who refuses to credit me with any talent whatever, seems to have forgotten that a good while ago I received from him a letter, in which the following passage occurs: "One hand washes the other: wash mine and I will wash yours." It seems, then, that I have not washed M. Zola's hand sufficiently.'

In his judgments concerning Victor Hugo, Mr. Lindau does not differ materially from his predecessor, Julian Schmidt, although he has the good taste not to betray any dyspeptic tendency in his manner of uttering them. His analysis of Victor Hugo's method of composition is, in fact, the best portion of his book, being both good-humored and destructive—accomplishing the greatest havoc with the smallest calibre of arms. Especially would we recommend to any worshipper of the handsome old prophet to read pp. 144-188, illustrating the stereotyped use of antithesis in Hugo's construction of character, plot, and succession of scenes. All this is the more forcible because Mr. Lindau is by no means blind to the exceptional merits of the author of 'Les Misérables,' whose methods are, by the way, as antiquated now as once they were novel; though, in justice to nature, it must be admitted that they are strictly original, being the results of fantastic meditation, not of observation.—The brief essay on Georges Sand was apparently written immediately after her death, for, though not absolutely uncritical, it is pervaded by the tenderly eulogistic and charitable tone peculiar to obituaries. As a needed complement, let the reader glance at Julian Schmidt's estimate of the same author in his history of French literature. The truth lies midway between the two, though perhaps a little nearer to Mr. Lindau's side than to that of his acrimonious colleague. When all has been said, the fact remains that the eccentric Madame Dudevant was a woman of genius and one of splendid scope and fertility.—Space does not permit us to give a detailed characterization of the interesting monograph on the personal and literary fortunes of Emile

Augier, whom Mr. Lindau justly regards as the first of living French dramatists.

Mr. Longfellow's Boswell.*

EVERY Johnson has his Boswell, some one has said; but let us hope that every Longfellow will not have his Blanche Roosevelt Tucker-Macchetta. Our Longfellow had, and the result is the laying bare of his home-life at Craigie Mansion. The saddest part of all this is found in Mme. Tucker-Macchetta's Introduction where she says: 'He corrected with his own hand many lines, and made many suggestions. I wrote them down in full. He reviewed and revised all that was written most thoroughly, and remarked on the chapter containing his personal description: "Why, that is my portrait; flattered certainly, but it is me, and I will never have another taken better than that."' Mr. Longfellow's age and excessive amiability account for his tolerance of these unpleasant personalities; but that Mr. T. G. Appleton, a man-of-the-world, and a gentleman of hitherto unquestioned taste, could have had the 'entire work' read to him, as the author says it was, and not have condemned it, is simply incomprehensible. As it is, the book comes out with the sanction of Mr. Longfellow himself, and, apparently, of all his family. Since Mrs. Gustafson's 'Genevieve Ward' we have seen nothing comparable with it, and we have placed the two volumes side by side, as specimens of the worst form of 'gush.'

Mme. Tucker-Macchetta was taken by Mr. Nathan Appleton to the Craigie Mansion for the avowed purpose of sitting at the poet's feet, and this attitude, literally and figuratively, she maintained during the whole of her acquaintance with Mr. Longfellow. The kind-hearted gentleman was pleased, no doubt, by this devotion of a bright young woman, who began her hero-worship the very moment she crossed his threshold. She had barely seated herself in his library, and cast her eyes around the room, when her 'lips moved involuntarily,' and she 'spoke, rather than thought, the word *Simpatia*.' Longfellow's polite ear caught the murmured Italian. 'I see that you are pleased with my study, and have divined the very name that my heart so long has given it.' Having so soon touched his heart, she followed up her advantage, and admired everything in the room. She even noticed that the poet wrote with a quill, as did her friend, the Earl of Dudley, to whom she was once guilty of writing with a steel pen. His lordship hastened to tell her, in his frank British fashion, that 'in the best circles of England, it is considered positively a breach of etiquette to send a letter written with a steel pen.' (This, by the way, is a bit of information which Americans who have occasion to address sensitive English earls, or noblemen of higher or lower degree, will do well to bear in mind.) Having established her intimacy with the best circles of England, Mme. Tucker-Macchetta hastens to show us that she is equally well acquainted with the masters of art. To this end she devotes several pages to a lecture on Tintoretto, Raphael, and Dante. Nor does her erudition end here. Mr. Longfellow having picked up an English magazine in which Tennyson was spoken of as 'the poet of the educated masses' and Longfellow as the 'poet of the people,' his 'annoyance was visible.' Mr. Appleton tried to explain that the words were complimentary, but failed. It remained for Mme. Tucker-Macchetta to 'restore the urbanity' of the poet with the following twaddle, which she put forth 'with reasonable assurance' though, unfortunately, we are not told whether she sat or stood, while reciting it:

'The truly inspired address all the world when they speak to the heart. Rienzi, the last of the Roman tribunes, was not only a great man, but a poet of the people; and he said *Vox populi, vox Dei*. Blind Homer did not improvise for kings and queens; yet the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" stand to-day. Dante's "Divine Comedy" is addressed to the people; Tasso and the Great Ariosto were the people's poets, although the former was so much in love with Leonora as to ardently desire alliance with a duke's sister; and, in our own time, Victor Hugo exiled himself to be able to write for them.'

We are not a little impressed by the glibness with which this young writer rattles off the names of the Italian classics, and not a little confused as to the persons for whom Victor Hugo exiled himself to write—whether Tasso, Leonora, and the Duke's sister, or The People. That Mr. Longfellow's 'urbanity' was restored by Mme. Tucker-Macchetta's speech is not surprising.

Nor, after such an exhibition of learning is it strange that he should have been eager to get the lady's opinion of his work. Making a slight show of diffidence, she gave it:

* The Home-Life of Henry W. Longfellow. Reminiscences of Many Visits at Cambridge and Nahant, during the years 1880, '81, '82. By Blanche Roosevelt Tucker-Macchetta. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

'In your writings I find a want of *laissez aller*, that in the poetic sense often hastens a climax. When, by some outburst of passion, you work your reader up to fever-heat, you quietly leave the dangerous ground, and, instead of an unlimited outpour of intense feeling, one has to be satisfied with simpler and more modified expressions. Still, even you yourself cannot always hide the deep under-current of passion that runs surreptitiously through your verse, and almost threatens at times to break bounds.'

'But it never does,' interrupted the poet excitedly; and, after a modest effort at self-defense, he begged that the conversation might be changed. They all arose, at this signal, and Mr. Nathan Appleton, touching Mme. Tucker-Macchetta on the shoulder, whispered in her ear, 'You have told him the truth, and I think in twenty years, no one has ever said as much to him.' Mr. Longfellow's pride must have been amply gratified, however, when, on looking over the proofs of this volume, he found himself described as 'more gifted than any one else in the world.' At any rate he did not bear malice, for some time after this he asked Mme. Tucker-Macchetta to write a poem on a pink water-lily. The lady seized the lily and rushed into the library returning in 'three-quarters of an hour' with a faded blossom but a flushed face, and a poem of eleven stanzas of six lines each in her hand. Two stanzas out of the eleven Mr. Longfellow pronounced 'as good poetry as most can write.' It is unnecessary, after this, to submit the poem for the criticism of our readers.

There are two facts established by Mme. Tucker-Macchetta's book which may be claimed to justify its publication: one, that Mr. T. G. Appleton can paint 'charming pictures' on pebbles; the other, that Mr. Longfellow is the self-confessed author of the well-known lines:

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
That hung in the middle of her forehead.
When she was good,
She was very, very good,
But when she was bad she was horrid.

For the enlightenment of those who may wonder why Mr. Longfellow addresses Mme. Tucker-Macchetta as 'My dear Pandora,' we would explain that, in her professional capacity, she made an unsuccessful effort to produce his 'Masque of Pandora' as an opera-comique. The poem was set to music by Mr. Alfred Cellier, and under the name of Blanche Roosevelt, our young biographer sang the title rôle.

"The Social Law of Labor."*

THE reader who opens this book will naturally expect to find in it some new, or at least some intelligible, theory about the relations of labor to capital, or to society in general; but if he succeeds in finding it, he will be more fortunate than we have been. We confess that our patience has not proved adequate to the reading of the whole work, but we have read large portions of it, and after reaching the end we turned back and re-read the Introduction, seeking all the while for the 'Social Law of Labor'; but with all our searching we have not found it. The table of contents informs us that 'the Social Law is in the constant link between Labor and Capital'; but this only tells us where the law is, not what it is. Again, the author says (p. 4), 'The fulcrum of this law, the pivot on which the whole social movement turns, is in the fact that labor cannot become capital nor capital come to be any other useful thing, without passing through a necessary change, a social transmutation.' Now, what the fulcrum of a law is, or what the pivot of a social movement is, we do not know; but what we wish to get at is neither the social pivot nor the fulcrum of the law, but the law itself, and we can find nothing of it in the passage quoted. We are quite willing to admit that labor cannot become capital without passing through a transmutation of the most extraordinary kind; but there is no law in all that, and though the author immediately adds 'let us explain,' yet he does not explain.

Again, we cannot make out what he means by 'society,' though he takes particular pains to tell us. He rejects a number of definitions as incorrect or inadequate, and then proceeds to tell us what society is (p. 24): 'It is the divine afflatus of civilization, the breath of God among men, love made manifest in human institutions.' And he clinches this definition by adding, 'we have now reached the essential meaning of the word social.' How human society can be an afflatus, we are unable to see; but as the author had thus given his definition of society, we supposed he was going to stick to it, and so, as we perused the book we kept

watching the divine afflatus, to see what blessings it would bring us, until we reached the very last paragraph in the book, where, to our astonishment, we found an entirely different definition of society, to wit: 'Society is social order—the order of all the elements, all the principles and established results, of all past life.' This definition, or batch of definitions, puzzles us almost as much as the other; but what puzzles us most is to reconcile the two. If society be 'social order,' how can it be 'love made manifest in human institutions'; and if it be 'the order of all the elements,' how can it be an 'afflatus'?

Our readers will perhaps think that we ought to be more serious in reviewing a book on such a subject as the labor question, and we should be if there were anything serious about the book; but it does not strike us in that light. The only part of the work that has any point, good or bad, is the fourth chapter, which is devoted to a denunciation of the trades-unions; but there is nothing in it but what has been said a thousand times before. Several chapters are occupied with an historical sketch of the social institutions of the Aryan races, which has about as much to do with the law of labor as it has with the law of gravitation. Whoever wishes for commonplaces, crude thoughts, and imitations of thought, will find them in abundance in the volume before us; but whoever opens it in the hope of getting new light on the great problem of labor and capital, will find nothing in it to reward his pains.

Three Volumes of Poetry.*

THREE poets—not exactly in three different ages born, for the eyes of all first opened to the light of this world in the present century—three living poets, we say, have lately published as many different collections of their respective verses. The eldest, Mr. A. Bronson Alcott, has shaken down the last fruit of his old tree (and a very gnarled old tree it is), in a volume of 'Sonnets and Canzonets'; Mr. Thomas Woolner, whom we take to be the next in point of years, has indulged his statuesque fantasy in the creation of 'Pygmalion'; while Mr. George H. Boker, who is near his sixtieth birthday, has relieved his mind by 'The Book of the Dead.' We begin with Mr. Alcott (1), who has written more, in one shape and another, than we can pretend to recollect, and who has uttered more 'Orphic sayings,' as it is the fashion to call his prattle, than Orpheus himself was capable of. He has always hankered to be a poet, and was thought to be one when the early light of American letters went twinkling around 'The Dial'; but it was a mistake, as was felt by everybody outside of the Walden woods, and away from the drowsy murmurs of the Assabet. We should like to say a few pleasant words about Mr. Alcott's sonnets, but if we attempted that difficult feat they would be very few, and would not be pleasant at all. Mr. Alcott has no—or only the crudest—idea of what a sonnet should be, except that it should contain fourteen lines, each beginning with a capital and ending with a word that should jingle with another word at the end of another line. Many of his sonnets (so-called) are sonnets reversed, the sestet frequently coming before the octave, which has to shift for itself as best it can. There is an effort at meditation in some of these quatorzans, which was natural in the early Italian sonneteers, and may have been half natural in Mr. Rossetti, but which is certainly not natural in Mr. Alcott. They might have come with a good grace from an amorous of twenty; they come with a very ill grace from an octogenarian. There are, here and there little touches of local color which are agreeable, and eloquent adjectives wedded to silent substantives—a sort of forceful impotence, which is at once curious and amusing. Except that they are not inexpert with the tricks of transcendentalism, and that they perpetually plunge into pitfalls of no meaning, we should not have wasted all these words upon such dreary trifles.

The England of the existing period is rather prolific of clever sculptors, but singularly destitute of sculptors of genius. How could it be otherwise in a country where everything depends—in the beginning, at least—upon the accidents of courtly patronage; a country which considered Baron Marochetti a master, and which allowed a mere painter to model colossal lions? Mr. Woolner stands well with his countrymen, and, if not exactly famous, has reputation enough to obtain constant orders. He might be greater than he is but for one thing, which we dare say he cannot help—he *will* be a poet. He made his first appearance in

* The Social Law of Labor. By William B. Weedon. \$1.50. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

(1) Sonnets and Canzonets. By A. Bronson Alcott. \$1. Boston: Roberts Bros. (2) Pygmalion. By Thomas Woolner. London: Macmillan & Co. (3) The Book of the Dead. By Geo. H. Boker. \$1.25 Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

the little circle of contemporary minstrels seventeen years ago with a long-drawn strain, in which he hoped to celebrate 'My Beautiful Lady'; he makes his last appearance with 'Pygmalion' (2). We could not read 'My Beautiful Lady,' which was a compound of Italian amorous writing, and the diluted treacle of Mr. Coventry Patmore. We have read 'Pygmalion'—or some of it—and are very sorry that Leigh Hunt wrote his 'Hero and Leander,' Keats his 'Endymion,' and Tennyson his 'Enone'; for but for these natural Greek voices we should not have had their English echoes in Mr. Woolner.

'The Book of the Dead,' (3) contains all the faults and all the excellences of Mr. Boker's earlier writings. It belongs to the class of personal poems, which begin with the 'Vita Nuova' of Dante, the Laura sonnets of Petrarch, and scores of similar productions of Italian origination, which continue in English verse in the sonnetry of Sidney, Daniel, Drayton and Shakspeare, and which end at present in 'In Memoriam' and 'The Book of the Dead.' Mr. Boker has obeyed the injunction in Sidney, 'Fool, said my Muse to me, look in thy heart and write,' and in so doing has, to a certain extent, justified the strong expression applied at the commencement of the line. He has written a long and passionate letter in verse, and has not burned it in the morning, but after the lapse of many years has deliberately gone and printed it. This was not wise—at least we think so—though it was very natural, especially in a poet like Mr. Boker, who is sensitive enough to feel injuries, aggressive enough to inflict them, and manly enough to stand the consequences. That some one who was dear to him was wronged, any one who reads 'The Book of the Dead' must clearly perceive; that he has avenged that wrong, and at the same time committed a deeper wrong, is equally clear. We do not care to penetrate the mystery, and read the open secret of the one hundred and six poems which make up this collection. They are graceful, they are tender, they are lovely, they are pathetic, but they are also harsh, ruffianly, insulting, brutal. A personal disfigurement of one of his victims ought to have stayed the strong hand of an angry gentleman like Mr. Boker.

"Victor Hugo and his Time."

THIS is a sumptuous book, creditable to author, translator, illustrators, and publishers. It is also the most picturesque life of Hugo that has ever been written. Many of the drawings are from the old poet's pencil, and some of them show a *diablerie* that has died out of his work since 'Notre Dame' was finished, and a kind of wild humor whereof the present age knows nothing. The literary faults of the biographer are those of his nation. He loves the dramatic, the exaggerated. Without flattering Hugo, he dwells mainly on the grandiose episodes of his life. Of the calmer moments that have visited the author of 'L'art d'être grand-père' we hear nothing; of his home-life, his mode of composition, his travail of thought, we have barely a glimpse. His life is revealed to us, like his poetry, in lightning-flashes.

'The first performance of "Hernani,"' says M. Barbou, 'may be compared in importance with Marengo and Austerlitz'; and he proceeds to tell it with the detail of a Kinglake describing the storming of the Malakoff. It sounds a little ridiculous to-day, when the romantic school is well-nigh as dead as the classical school which it killed. But it is a most vivacious narrative; and the illustration of 'young France' standing in its broad hats and Spanish cloaks at the doors of the Théâtre Français, still serves to recall the days when literary enthusiasm was not wholly foppishness. Victor Hugo's career is traced in brilliant style to the moment of his exile; then as it grows comparatively dull among the Jersey rocks, and as the author produces poorer work after 'Les Misérables,' the biographer has to throw more than the due amount of color into the small facts of domestic life; and the unhappy drowning of Mme. Charles Meurice is presented, with a ghastly drawing, and the throwing of a communistic stone through the window at Brussels is shown as a most startling and distressing incident. These defects, as we have said, belong to the French method. They do not detract from the interest of the book. On the contrary, they serve in the eyes of the general reader to give life to it. Until the poet dies, and his life is calmly viewed in all its phases, we doubt if M. Barbou's biography will be excelled.

Midsummer Holiday Books.

'Mrs. Gill is very ill
And nothing will improve her,
Unless she sees the Tuileries
And waddles through the Louvre.'

So, the ocean-going steamers being laden with Mrs. Gills, the

* Victor Hugo and his Time. By Alfred Barbou. Translated by Ellen E. Frewer. With numerous illustrations. \$2.50. New York: Harper & Brothers.

guide-books are being published in swarms. Messrs. Scribner have brought out one of exceptional value. It is called 'The Index Guide to Travel and Art-Study in Europe. By Lafayette C. Loomis' (\$3.50). It presents in alphabetical form all the principal art-works of the Old World; all the places most worthy to be seen. It credits Mrs. Gill with æsthetic tastes; but if it cares about her speech, it should correct some of its pronunciations—Masaccio and Garofalo, for example.—'Osgood's Pocket-guide to Europe' (\$1) has the merit of compactness. Its maps are neat and clear. It is content with naming the principal hotels, and leaves the traveller to make his own choice.—'The Pocket-guide for Europe. By Thomas W. Knox' (New York: Dillingham. \$1) is the work of an experienced globe-trotter, who sets down his information with commendable brevity.—Those who are going to Europe for more serious purposes than mere holiday-making, and who wish to make a comparative study of European politics, must provide themselves with Mr. Martin's 'Statesman's Year-book,' for 1882 (Macmillan: \$3), wherein, despite some misprints and a few misstatements (notably a typographical error which assigns each of the Presidents of the United States to a State from which he was not chosen), they will find a thorough sketch of the constitution of each country, the names of its rulers, and a wealth of useful statistics.—Visitors to Paris must get Mr. Henry Bacon's book, 'A Parisian Year: with Illustrations by the Author' (Boston: Roberts Brothers. \$1.50), in which the follies, the gayeties, and the sober work of the city are sketched from New Year's morning to Christmas Eve, and the artists of Paris depicted by one who knows them.—All who mean to stay in the Eternal City should be provided with Mr. S. Russell Forbes's 'Rambles in Rome: an Archæological and Historical Guide to the Museum, Galleries, Villas, Churches, and Antiquities of Rome and the Campagna' (New York: Thomas Nelson & Son).—And those who have a mind to canter gracefully down the Bois de Boulogne at Paris, along the Prater at Vienna, or on the Pincio at Rome, may profit by a study of Mr. Anderson's excellent treatise 'On Horseback: in the School and on the Road' (New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50), in which the author embroiders the golden rule of the old English cavalry instructor, to keep 'your 'eel and your 'and down, and your 'eart and your 'ead hup.'

Acknowledgments.

WE have received:—Part IV. of 'The Western Antiquary; or Devon and Cornwall Note-book,' a quarterly publication, designed as 'a medium of intercommunication for antiquaries and others interested in the history, literature, and legendary lore of the western counties.' The contents of the magazine are somewhat cheaply reprinted from the columns of the *Weekly Mercury*, and the illustrations are not strikingly good, though they serve their purpose. Mr. W. H. K. Wright, F.R. Hist. Soc., and Public Librarian of Plymouth, is the editor.—'THE Library of Cornell University,' vol. I., No. 1, showing many valuable additions, from January to August, 1881.—'The Sporting Gentleman' (Vol. I., No. 1), (an eight-page weekly, apparently well-backed by wealthy sporting men) whose editors hope to advance ere long 'with gigantic strides, to a leading place in popular estimation.'—'Le Livre for April-May' (New York: J. W. Bouton) has Champfleury's reminiscences of Petrus Borel, one of the young romantic band that gathered round Arsène Houssaye in the days of that eccentric publication, the *Artiste*; a sketch of Gavarni as an illustrator of books; and a memorable article on the necessity of cataloguing the French public libraries, which contain many millions of volumes. Its news columns are as varied and delightful as ever. Its texture is, indeed, so fine that even its misprints jar, and one almost resents its manner of announcing a new English work, 'Maygarland: by a fellow of the Carpathian Society.'

Mr. A. Duncan Savage.

MR. A. D. SAVAGE, the gentleman who recently resigned the position of chief assistant to the Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, came to the Museum (on the introduction of the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby) from the Johns Hopkins University, where he held a high post-graduate degree, making archæological study his specialty. The authorities of the University held him in honor for his scholarship and his manliness. They had none but the most earnest words of praise to send with him; and the Director of the Museum, after months of trial, echoed their enthusiasm. Many scholars and gentlemen here, whose approval is dear to any man, came to know and value him. The Greek Club welcomed him to its rather close circle, and held him, as it still holds him, among its most honored members. Such gentlemen as Dr. Crosby and Prof. Henry Drisler, of Columbia College, found in him then, as they do now, only the true scholar, the thorough gentleman, and the scrupulously honest-minded man. Is it not curious—and discouraging—that it should have seemed important to the gentlemen who manage the affairs of this great Metropolitan Museum, to belittle the services, reject the testimony, and impugn the veracity of such a man?

The Critic

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'THE CRITIC is marked by unmistakable ability. It is sprightly, and occasionally flippant. Its opinions are not always free from prejudice, but they are worth knowing. In a word, THE CRITIC is nothing if not critical; and its aggressive tone, in these days of pretentiousness in literature as in everything else, is certainly refreshing.'—BOSTON TRAVELLER.

'We are glad to be able to bear our tribute to the excellent manner in which THE CRITIC is conducted. It is not quite so old as the present year [1881], and it has already established its reputation as the first literary journal in America. We say this advisedly.'—LONDON ACADEMY.

'The paper is of sterling merit, and its reception by the public indicates a growing love of good literature, and the development of a discriminating taste.'—BOSTON GAZETTE.

'For one who desires to know what the new books contain, no periodical is more valuable than THE CRITIC. It never praises a poor book.'—SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE.

'To one who desires to keep abreast with the literary work of the time, THE CRITIC is indispensable.'—HARTFORD POST.

'The best literary journal of this country.'—CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

The Massachusetts Dogberry.

IT is in the nature of the Dogberry to seize the peaceable member of society and let the criminal go scot-free. This is not from viciousness, but inherent stupidity. The officials who have laid an interdiction on the 'Leaves of Grass' of Walt Whitman do not deserve censure on moral grounds; it is the intellect in which they are weak. Their morals may not be very good. Indeed, it is often said nowadays that the average morality in Massachusetts is at a very low ebb; and such Prussian attempts to convince the world of a superiority in that respect as the recent blow at Whitman's poems give one reason to believe that such is unfortunately the case. Otherwise, how is it that Dogberry rouses from his slumber at this late hour and discovers that the nude passages in 'Leaves of Grass' are corrupting to youth? Why is it that only after the book has been scattered up and down the country for twenty years and of the edition stopped by law thousands of copies have been disposed of, the prudery of Massachusetts bureaucracy is suddenly shocked? After the horse is stolen away, clap to the doors of the stable! After the sale of a book has begun to languish, quick with an interdiction to make it highly prized by those who hope to find it 'spicy'! Supposing it to be true that Massachusetts is in a bad way morally, and that the usual silent system of whitewashing at home is not enough, but for the benefit of the world at large a new and noisy dose of hypocrisy is necessary; supposing the Massachusetts mind is so impure that it ferrets out all the vulgar parts of this queer big poem and does not appreciate the fine traits of it; what has Dogberry gained by putting an embargo on its sale? In the general view he has imitated Prussia in the most unenviable of Prussia's many retrograde and oppressive acts. He has done his little Dogberry best to keep literature down to the safe level of inanity, where, it must be confessed, most of his literary compatriots are at home. His next blow will be at the nude in painting and sculpture. Life-classes with nude models are shocking things to Dogberry. Why? Because Dogberry's mind gropes among dark things, and can only view such matters by the tallow-light the Lord has lit in his little cranium. Such things to him are impure because he himself is impure. In the narrower view of the matter, Dogberry has called attention to his own filthy view of the book and made it a premium to other impure minds to read it. If Dogberry has even one ounce of brains he must know that there will be no difficulty in supplying the demand for copies which this, to the author fortunate, advertisement will create. He has, again, erected Walt Whitman into a social martyr instead of allowing him to receive just so much notice as his book, as a thing of art, deserves. Like all his dull kind he has meddled in things whereof he knows nothing. Not because he has not studied—the Massachusetts Dogberry has probably

written verses himself which he discovers to be totally unlike those of Whitman, or the work of any other original genius—but because all the pedagogy he has received has only confirmed him in the beautiful habit of mediocrity. He has gone to sleep for years over his private copy of 'Leaves of Grass,' with his finger at the passages that are to his thinking naughtiest, and now bustles about denouncing the author in the hope that people will take him for a moral man. Like the prudish woman in the familiar story, he only sees, he only knows, the bad parts—and he reads his Bible on the same principle. Why, O sapient Dogberry of Massachusetts, truly a representative, if you insist upon it, of your over-virtuous compatriots, why do you not also include Shakespeare and the Bible in your Index Expurgatorius? As for the fishy French novel, we know why you say nothing of that. You dote on French slipperiness. Whitman's poetry is not to your liking, and you think that to condemn his honest indecencies proves you a man of purity and taste. Unfortunately, you have only succeeded in writing yourself down an Ass. Do not add Hypocrisy to your other accomplishments, or the world will no longer pardon you on the plea of provincial dulness.

Did it ever occur to Dogberry, by the way, that certain passages in Longfellow's 'Christus' are quite as naked as anything in the 'Leaves of Grass'? If not, we would respectfully call his attention to the fact, that his intervention may save the youth of Massachusetts from further corruption!

Wanted, an American.

MR. LOWELL'S appointment as Minister to Spain and his promotion as Minister to England, were regarded as eminently wise. Apart from their diplomatic bearings, they promised the ambitious youth of the country that learning would not be imputed to them for unrighteousness; that one might speak the English language correctly, and even spell out a line or two of the Latin classics, without incurring any risk of disfranchisement. Mr. Lowell could not only read and write his mother-tongue, and construe a sentence from Virgil; he had actually become eminent as a poet and a critic, and was regarded as one of the foremost of American scholars and citizens. Character and intelligence, then, were at a premium; and boys who had thrown aside their books for fear such learning as they might master would disqualify them for holding office in a land governed by the unlettered, resumed their studies with hopeful confidence.

But they have been building upon sand, it seems. The *Herald* demands our Minister's recall. The discovery has been made that he does not represent the American people—that he is not a typical American. For more than two centuries his forefathers have dwelt in New England, contributing their full share to the prosperity and elevation of the people. Mr. Lowell himself is a native of New England—a rare product of the soil and civilization of Massachusetts. But it has been decided that New England is Old England in disguise; that America, nowadays, means nothing but the West; and the *Herald*, having called for an American at the Court of St. James, shows the meaning of its demand by printing a pocketful of interviews with Western politicians—with Senator Farley, of California, who holds that Mr. Lowell's successor 'should be a man taken from the West'; with Senator Conger, who also believes that he 'should be a Western man'; with Senator Logan, who blushes—but admits that the coming Minister should be 'from the West'; with Senator Angus Cameron and Representative Hubbell, who are both clamorous for 'a Western man';—a 'thoughtful, self-poised' one, the latter gentleman would prefer. 'A Western man' is the united cry of Messrs. Carlisle and Willis, of Kentucky, and Mr. Belford, of Colorado. A Western man let it be;—one who has breathed the free air of the 'per-aries'; one who has harangued a mob on the sand-lots of San Francisco; above all, one, whose patriotism has not been poisoned by the too familiar sight of Boston Common, and the Bunker Hill Monument. Mr. Lowell assuredly does not fulfil these conditions. He was born east of the Mississippi. He uses a fork where Western men might prefer a bladed implement. He does not chew tobacco. In short, he is a gentleman by birth and education, a lover of good books and decent men. He has shown his patriotism by scathing criticism, not only of the English, but of his fellow-countrymen. But Mr. Hubbell is suspicious of his 'associations and scholarly ties,' and Mr. Willis has discovered that his 'literary associations have influenced his political views.' What we want is an American who has not lived in America so long as to have lost his Americanism; one who would know that, though

nominally accredited to the Court of St. James, he was really accredited to the Court of St. Patrick; one who would not sacrifice the confidence of O'Donovan Rossa by failing to embroil America in a war with a friendly power—such a typical American, in short, as O'Mahoney, or McSweeney, or McEnery, or Slatery, or Brophy, or Gorman would have made, if he had only remained in America long enough after getting his naturalization papers to visit the West and imbibe some of the superfluous Americanism of Dennis Kearney and other Western men 'concerning whose Americanism there can be no question.'

Is it a Scholars' Library?

THE *Century* pleads that the Astor is a library for scholars, and that any effort to turn it into a popular library would be a perversion of its original purpose. *The Century*, it appears, is one of those favored mortals who are admitted to the alcoves of the institution; who may take down their favorite books from the shelves, and who look with pity on the outer barbarians searching for knowledge in such dribbles as the attendants dole out to them. Little knows it of the difficulties under which the latter pursue their quest; of the inquisitorial searchings to which they submit from the liveried officer at the door; of the keen-eyed servitor who watches lest an unwonted bulge in their coat shall betray the hidden book; of the attendants who sky-lark, the attendants who pretend not to know, the attendants who pretend not to hear. Happy, thrice happy *Century*.

But except this privilege of the alcove, we should be glad to know what advantage the Astor Library offers to scholars. Does it offer them scholars' books? It contains, we observe, at least one edition of all classical authors; it also contains Mr. Bohn's translations of the same, and the dictionaries of Andrews, and even of Liddell and Scott, whereby they may be interpreted. These are, no doubt, useful to scholars of tender years; and *The Century* will have noticed that the British Museum places them, together with all the standard works, on those shelves of the Rotunda which can be explored by every reader there sitting, and which alone hold more books than the entire Astor Library. But if the scholar be of riper years, if he be looking for more recondite books or rarer editions, he may ransack the alcoves of the Astor in vain. There are forty-seven editions of Virgil in the library; none of them is valuable. There are eighteen editions of Cervantes; only the Barcelona edition of 1617 has the least claim to rarity. There are more than a hundred Bibles; and most of them would be sold as old paper. Think, oh scholar, of the Bibles that were under the hammer at the Sunderland sale! Think of the Virgils, think of the Cervantes, that lie open to your loving gaze in the British Museum or in the National Library of France.

We are far from wishing that our citizens should turn archæologists, or that the class of bookworms should be created here which thrives so prodigiously abroad. A good popular library, with or without rare editions, is all we crave. By and by, when our scholarship has ripened, there may be a demand for literary curiosities. Just now it is essential that New York, so rich, so literary, so eager for culture, should not lag behind other American towns in the means of educating her sons. And this plea that the Astor is a scholars' library, and fulfils the offices of a scholars' library, is calculated to damp the zeal of our citizens to get a library of their own. Were it true, we should be the first to acknowledge our gratitude for the collection. But, as a test of it, we invite any reader to set down the names of six distinguished foreign authors of to-day, and see whether some of them are even mentioned in the catalogue.

"Jeames."

THACKERAY'S Jeames de la Pluche is immortal. Time cannot wither him. He blooms not alone in society, but in letters, in science, in art. In London he has his newspaper, which he edits with a dash that gains him much applause in the servants' hall. He calls it *The World*, and, as becomes his dignity, he makes it the vehicle of his contempt for America and things American.

In a recent number of *Harper's Magazine*, Mr. E. C. Stedman gave a brief view of some contemporary English writers. He called Mr. Gosse 'refined and flawless'; he praised the 'dainty and learned habit' of Mr. Lang; he likened Mr. Marzials to a troubadour, and two small poets to Gyas the strong, and the strong Cloanthus. These amiable judgments Jeames de la Pluche

pronounces a 'mess of rank and vulgar flattery.' Mr. Stedman he calls an 'ignoble trumpeter.' His article is 'really too impudent a jest.' Jeames, it will be seen, has caught the grand manner of criticism. His fellow-domestics regard him as their oracle, their Edinburgh Reviewer.

We do not defend Mr. Stedman's opinions. We welcome them into these columns as we would welcome those of any other scholar of graceful fancy. And we share Jeames' distaste, nay disgust, for the flatteries which literary people, here as elsewhere, are in the habit of bestowing on each other. But is it not time that these footmen of English journalism, these cynics in plush, should see to their own morals before they try to correct ours? In this number of *The World*, which rebukes Mr. Stedman, we read the following interesting news: 'A new departure has been made in the attire of hall-room waiters. An association has been started, all the members of which adopt an extremely neat livery of black with gilt buttons, and knee-breeches with silk stockings; and the item is sandwiched between announcements that 'the Princess of Wales has quite recovered from what is represented as a very slight attack of German measles,' and that 'the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos is doing duty with his yeomanry regiment.'

Come, good flunkey, stick to the functions which you understand: powder your hair, display your rounded calves, hand the wine with your wonted grace and distinction; and if gentlemen of scholarly tastes and amiable intentions sit apart on a sofa and bandy compliments with one another, what business is it of yours? They, at least, have been invited to the feast.

The Banner of the Jew.

WAKE, Israel, wake! Recall to-day
The glorious Maccabean rage,
The sire heroic, hoary-gray,
His five-fold lion-lineage:
The Wise, the Elect, the Help-of-God,
The Burst-of-Spring, the Avenging Rod.*
From Mizpah's mountain-ridge they saw
Jerusalem's empty streets, her shrine
Laid waste where Greeks profaned the Law,
With idol and with pagan sign.
Mourners in tattered black were there,
With ashes sprinkled on their hair.
Then from the stony peak there rang
A blast to ope the graves: down poured
The Maccabean clan, who sang
Their battle-anthem to the Lord.
Five heroes lead, and following, see,
Ten thousand rush to victory!
Oh for Jerusalem's trumpet now,
To blow a blast of shattering power,
To wake the sleepers high and low,
And rouse them to the urgent hour!
No hand for vengeance—but, to save,
A million naked swords should wave.
Oh deem not dead that martial fire,
Say not the mystic flame is spent!
With Moses' law and David's lyre,
Your ancient strength remains unbent.
Let but an Ezra rise anew,
To lift the *Banner of the Jew!*

A rag, a mock at first—erelong,
When men have bled and women wept,
To guard its precious folds from wrong,
Even they who shrunk, even they who slept,
Shall leap to bless it, and to save.
Strike! for the brave revere the brave!

EMMA LAZARUS.

* The sons of Mattathias—Jonathan, John, Eleazar, Simon (called also the Jewel), and Judas, the Prince.

On the Hurry of this Time.

(Rondeau.)

With slower pen men used to write,
Of old, when 'letters' were 'polite';
In Anna's, or in George's days,
They could afford to turn a phrase
Or trim a straggling theme aright.

They knew not steam; electric light
Not yet had dazed their calmer sight;
They meted out both blame and praise
With slower pen.

Too swiftly now the Hours take flight!
What's read at morn is dead at night:
Scant space have we for Art's delays,
Whose breathless thought so briefly stays
We may not work—ah! would we might!
With slower pen.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

LITERARY NOTES.

MR. ANDREW LANG has a new poem in the press—'Helen of Troy,' in six books.

Our promising young contemporary, *Literature*, of Buffalo, has been swallowed up by *The Literary World*.

'Social Equality: a Study of a Missing Science,' is the title of Mr. Mallock's new volume announced by the Messrs. Putnam.

Messrs. Jansen, McClurg & Co. are preparing a new and large edition of 'A Nihilist Princess,' of which they will also issue an edition in paper covers.

'The Faiths of the World,' a volume which epitomizes the chief religions, is announced by the Messrs. Scribner. Each faith is treated by a special student.

Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. have in preparation for the holidays a new child's book, illustrated by Miss Ida Waugh, with verses by Miss A. E. Blanchard.

Lieut. F. V. Greene, author of the admirable history of the late war between Russia and Turkey, and of an equally valuable work on 'Army Life in Russia,' is at work on Volume VIII. of the Campaigns of the Civil War Series—'The Mississippi.'

Mr. Geo. H. Ellis will publish immediately 'Paul Dreifuss: his Holiday Abroad,' an entertaining book of European observation, by an old traveller; and 'Bird Bolts,' a volume of short essays on topics of current interest, by the Rev. Francis Tiffany.

Among the lecturers at the coming session of the Concord School of Philosophy, July 17 to August 13, will be Messrs. Alcott, Harris and Sanborn, President Porter of Yale, President Seelye of Amherst, Drs. Mulford and Bartol, Miss Peabody, Mrs. Cheney, and Mrs. Howe.

Mr. Moses King, the Cambridge publisher, announces 'a book for every one who studies the New Testament'—a work by Geo. W. Samson, D.D., LL.D., showing the English revisers' Greek text 'to be unauthorized, except by Egyptian copies discarded by the Greeks.'

Messrs. A. Williams & Co. are about to publish in pamphlet form the proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society with reference to the deaths of Longfellow and Emerson. The work will contain, also, Emerson's essay on Carlyle; and will be illustrated with the Notman and Warren photographs of the poet and the philosopher—the last pictures for which they sat.

If sufficient patronage is secured to warrant the step, Messrs. Robert Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati, will begin in July the publication of a monthly magazine, *The American Journal of Forestry*, edited by Mr. Franklin B. Hough, chief of the Forestry Division of the Department of Agriculture, and author of 'Elements of Forestry,' etc: The list of promised contributors is strong.

Among Mr. Whitman's strongest champions are the Philadelphia *Press* and the Springfield *Republican*. Says the latter: 'Here was a book of limited circulation, bought almost exclusively by scholars, and valued only by men of thought. . . . If there shall now arise a demand for it because of its supposed obscenity, it will be Oliver Stevens and the persons behind him who have created that demand, and are responsible for it.' Says the editor of the *Press*: 'Attorney-General Marston has pilloried himself for all time to come by the attempt to suppress the publication of poems which Emerson, Massachusetts' greatest son, hailed as proof of the beginning of a great career.'

Miss Mary Healy, formerly of Chicago, now a resident of Paris, has written a novel of Parisian life, 'A Mere Caprice,' which Messrs. Jansen, McClurg & Co. announce.

Mr. Austin Dobson, whose collection of 'Eighteenth-Century Essays' is on the eve of publication in the Parchment Library, is said to be editing 'Gay's Fables' for the same series.

A portrait of Emerson, from a bust by Mr. French, is to be the frontispiece of the July *Century*; which will contain an article, by Miss Lazarus, on the personality of the dead poet.

St. Nicholas puts a premium on autograph-hunting when it prints a picture of the late Mr. Longfellow courteously receiving the last couple of children that ever bored him in that way.

The New York Free Circulating Library Association has just purchased the house No. 49 Bond Street, which it will occupy in the fall, after making alterations and improvements. The library now contains 7000 volumes.

Mr. Davis, the millionaire backer of *Our Continent*, has withdrawn from his connection with that periodical, in consequence of ill-health. As Mr. Davis steps out, Messrs. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, Judge Tourgee's publishers, step in.

Messrs. Thomas Nelson & Sons, agents in this city of the Oxford University Press, announce three editions of the New Testament, containing the versions of 1611 and 1881 arranged in parallel columns—in long primer, crown 4to. (\$3 to \$9), in minion, crown 8vo. (\$1.50 to \$6), and a 'student's edition,' minion, crown 4to., printed on writing paper, with wide margins for MS. notes (\$4.50 to \$11).

Mrs. A. L. Wister has in press with J. B. Lippincott & Co. a new translation, 'German Aphorisms,' which is out of the line of her former books. It will be a small volume containing a number of maxims and reflections by Marie F. Von Ebner-Eschenbach. Other books announced by the same house are, 'Iris,' a novel, by Mrs. Randolph; 'The Little Brick Church,' by Col. W. C. Faulkner, and 'Mysteries of Godliness,' by Horatio G. Kern.

Mr. Robert Riviere, the celebrated book-binder, who died in London recently, was a brother of the still more celebrated Madame Anna Bishop. When the Doomsday-book was to be bound, some years ago, Mr. Riviere, it is said, was called upon to undertake the responsible task. He refused to do so, however, insisting that there should be an open competition for the work; so bids and specifications were called for—and Mr. Riviere carried off the prize.

Mr. Edward Eggleston's 'History of Life in the Thirteen Colonies,' which will appear first in *The Century Magazine*, promises to be an important study of the origin of the American civilization of to-day. It will treat of the character and customs of the aborigines, the planting of the colonies on the New England and the Southern sea-board, the Franco-English struggle for domination, the outbreak of the spirit of independence among the loyal British colonists, the growth of inter-colonial and foreign commerce, the social life of ante-Revolutionary days, and the marvellous spread of culture in the commonwealth of Massachusetts. These articles will be illustrated with engravings, not of fanciful, but of actual scenes and objects. Mr. Eggleston proposes this work as the beginning of a 'History of Life in the United States,' in several volumes.

The Longfellow Memorial Association, of which Mr. Lowell is President, hopes to raise enough money by a national dollar subscription, 'to secure that part of the poet's grounds which lies between the house and the river, there to erect an enduring memorial to Mr. Longfellow, and to keep the spot, doubly rich in associations, forever open to the people;' also 'to provide for the permanent preservation of the house, should it ever pass out of the possession of the family.' We trust, and there is every reason to believe, that there will be such a general response to this suggestion as to ensure the complete success of the project. It is proposed to present to every contributor to the fund, a certificate bearing a portrait of Mr. Longfellow, a view of his house, and an extract from his poetry, with his autograph in facsimile. Contributions should be sent to John Bartlett, treasurer, P. O. Box 1590, Boston, Mass.

Messrs. Fords, Howard & Hulbert announce a new volume of sermons by Henry Ward Beecher. They are getting ready, also, for the Rev. Dr. Samuel Williams, of the American and Foreign Bible Society (Baptist), an edition of their 'American Version, Revised New Testament,' containing certain changes of the text and foot-note references, by Dr. Williams, having relation to doctrinal and denominational views. For their summer books, in their miscellaneous series called 'Hammock Stories,' they have ready a little romance entitled 'Two Days,' and a new edition of Helen Campbell's 'Patty Pearson's Boy.' 'Surf,' the record of a summer pilgrimage by four lively newspaper correspondents; a new edition of R. W. Raymond's 'Camp and Cabin' (sketches of life in the California mining regions); and 'Poughed Under,' the Indian romance, which contains much of the atmosphere of prairie-life, are included in their summer solstice list.

The 'Charles Dickens Birthday Book' has been prepared by Dickens's eldest daughter; and the youngest has contributed five pretty illustrations. Mr. Whittaker will publish it very soon.

Prof. J. A. Lippincott, of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., has a well-considered article in *Education* for May-June, on the training of Indian youths at Carlisle Barracks. While praising Captain Pratt warmly for what he has accomplished, he maintains that the Indian children should be educated jointly with their pale-faced cousins, so that the barrier of race prejudice may be undermined by friendly contact and association, when the mind and character of the children are in a formative condition.

We clip the following from a prospectus which has been sent to us by Mr. Furnivall:

'The year 1884 will be the 500th anniversary of Wyclif's death, and a few men have resolved that it shall not come on without seeing at work a "Wyclif Society," which they will try to keep on foot until all the Reformer's genuine writings are given to the world through the press. If only 250 members can be obtained at a guinea a year, ten years will probably see the whole work done. At any rate a beginning will be made.' A beginning, it seems, has been made, and though the new society has not yet named its President, it rejoices in the Vice-Presidency of the Bishops of Carlisle, Durham, and Liverpool. American help is wanted, and, we trust, will not be refused. Communications should be addressed to Mr. F. J. Furnivall, 3 St. George's Square, Primrose Hill, London, N.W., or to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. W. Standerwick, General Post Office, London, E.C.

Science

Archæological Institute.—Annual Meeting.

BOSTON, May 20. President Norton gave an account of the work accomplished by the Society during the past year. He said that the results attained at Assos, in Asia Minor, of which the chief one is a thorough study of the temple—a monument of great importance in the study of Greek art—constitute the most valuable archæological work accomplished by any nation during the last year. This achievement will stand to the credit of America and of the Institute. The work in Mexico and among the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico has been carried on with equal vigor, and with valuable results. To this work a due proportion of the attention and the resources of the Institute will continue to be directed; while, through the munificence of a member of the governing body of the Institute, a new and extensive field of investigation has just been entered upon in Yucatan and Central America. The report upon the American work of the Institute is now in press; and that upon the work of the first year at Assos is printed, and will be issued immediately.—The second season of work at Assos began March 6, and news has been received up to April 20. Excavation is being actively pushed at several points in the ancient city. The exploration of the Acropolis is almost complete. Mr. Clarke announces the discovery of the remaining portion of the sculptured epistyle block (bearing in relief two sphinxes facing each other) of which about half has been preserved, since 1838, in the Louvre. It will be remembered that a second fragment of this block was found last year by the American Expedition. Upon the terrace in front of the great stoa on the southern slope of the Acropolis, has been discovered the massive marble pedestal of a statue to the Emperor Constantius, son of the great Constantine. The pedestal retains its dedicatory inscription. At the Street of Tombs, two more unfringed sarcophagi have been found, each bearing its inscription, and containing interesting relics amid the dust of the dead. The large deposits of funereal vases, of which the discovery has been announced already, continue to occupy the attention of the Expedition. A 'pithos' over six feet high has been found—broken, unfortunately, by the weight of earth above it. Its cover, however, is intact, and so massive that it was necessary to employ a horse to move it. These large earthen vessels contain human remains; and the smaller vases are found, for the most part, within the larger ones. Many drawings of these vases have come home. The painted decoration of those found, thus far, is scanty—most of them being either of plain red clay, or covered with a smooth black glaze. The shapes, however, are of great variety and beauty.—It was voted at the meeting to invite the New York Geographical Society to send a geographer to Assos, to make a thorough exploration of the Troad in connection with the Expedition.—The cordial co-operation of so many colleges in the foundation of the American school to be opened at Athens next autumn is a matter of great satisfaction, both to the School Committee and to the Archæological Institute. This co-operation seems to indicate a feeling of mutual fellowship and sympathy which is, perhaps, of recent growth among our institutions of higher learning.—Although the membership of the institute has increased largely throughout the country during the past year, and now approaches 300, a further increase is desired to render possible the most energetic prosecution of its work. The election of officers for the year 1882-1883 resulted in the re-election of those of

last year, viz.:—Charles Eliot Norton, President; Martin Brimmer, Vice-president; and William W. Goodwin, H. W. Haynes, Alexander Agassiz, and William R. Ware, Members of the Executive Committee. The Treasurer and the Secretary are appointed, according to the Regulations of the Society, by the Executive Committee.

Scientific Notes.

NOT Sir Joseph Hooker, but Mr. Darwin's son, is to write the life of Darwin; with the assistance, presumably, of Prof. Huxley. It is said that a biography of his father, similar in size to the well known life of his grandfather, has been found among the late Mr. Darwin's MSS.

Aristotle's natural history has received renewed attention of late. A translation of his treatise 'On the Parts of Animals,' by Dr. W. Ogle, has been published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., and several commentaries have appeared in French. Among these are two theses, one by Geoffroy, on the Anatomy and Physiology of Aristotle, and one by Paul Girod, on the Fishes. An article by N. Ch. Apostolides has also been issued, in the *Revue Scientifique* for March 25th, on the Habits of Fishes according to Aristotle.

The Professorship of Natural History of the University of Edinburgh, the most lucrative chair in that department in Great Britain, some time since vacated by the resignation of Sir Wyville Thompson, and recently filled by the appointment of Prof. E. Ray Lankester, a most able naturalist, has again fallen vacant and been refilled by the appointment of Prof. C. J. Cossar Ewart, of the University of Aberdeen. Misunderstanding as to the amount of time left for research, and as to emoluments and facilities for work, led to Prof. Lankester's resignation.

A professorship of Animal Morphology at the University of Cambridge has been recommended by the Council of the Senate, and will undoubtedly be instituted. It is no secret that this has been provided for to retain Mr. Balfour, and it will unquestionably be adopted. The report of the Council states that the classes in that department 'are now so large that the accommodation provided for but a few years ago has already become insufficient.' It is recommended that the professorship shall be 'terminable with the tenure of the first professor.'

The gigantic cuttle-fishes have been specially treated by Prof. Verill, and much light has been thrown on the subject by his researches. The largest of the class appear to belong to the family of Ommastrephidae, and the genus appropriately named *Architeuthis*, i. e., chief of the cuttle-fishes. Two of those are recorded as having an extreme length of 52 feet. In one (*A. princeps*?) the body from the base of the arms to the tip of the tail was 15 feet long. Another, still larger, was 55 feet in extreme length, and its body was 20 feet long. It may be well to add that the large cuttle-fish lately exhibited in New York and through the country was very badly, indeed grotesquely, prepared by the taxidermist, and gave no idea of the real animal.

A new standard barometer, by Prof. A. W. Wright, was described at the recent meeting of the National Academy of Sciences. It is a modification of the siphon barometer, so arranged as to allow the level of the mercury to be varied through a considerable range, and thus to be brought to the upper end of the main tube. The latter is not closed, but is continued by a narrow tube having a calibre of about one millimetre, bent downwards so as to form what is essentially a Sprengel pump. This makes it possible to force out the residual gas, and thus to perfect the exhaustion. The arrangement makes it easy to fill the instrument by the use of an air-pump alone, without boiling the mercury in the tube. The lower portion of the barometric column is contained in a separate tube which can be perfectly adjusted in the same vertical line with the upper part.

The Fine Arts

The Metropolitan Loan Exhibition.

THANKS to several young artists who busied themselves with securing good pictures and underwent the fatigues of putting them in place, the western galleries of the Metropolitan Museum are again hung with a very fair loan collection of paintings. A number, forming perhaps the great bulk of the collection, have been shown before. But when pictures are good they are never seen too often; and it is highly improbable that more than a small sprinkling of the people who frequent the Museum, especially on the free days, have examined any of these before. Occasionally the roughest specimens of humanity make their way in, and stare open-mouthed at the show. Among the pictures are several presented to the Museum and therefore permanently on exhibition; they are nevertheless embraced in the 'loan' collection. Such is the series of water-colors by Mr. W. T. Richards, of which the less said the better, on the principle that it is rude to look a gift-horse in the mouth. Some of the finest

of the really loaned pictures are the four or five French landscapes placed there for the summer by Mr. C. A. Dana. The Corot and Rousseau are particularly fine and perceptibly raise the average of the collection. Remarkably few American pictures are shown; it seems to be much easier to get hold of owners of French, Spanish, and German paintings who are liberal with their treasures.

And another remarkable fact is, that a large number of loans come from other cities, chiefly Chicago and Boston. The idea is good, if it is intentional and not merely the result of circumstances. It is plain that, in spite of the bolstering undertaken by those trustees and others who have been caught napping, the reputation of the head of the Museum has been seriously impaired outside. Americans are too familiar with party politics not to suspect a system of official whitewashing where the discredit of a manager, if proved, must fall, partially, at least, on the trustees of an institution. The public regards the whole affair with just suspicion, and does not like the shirking and quibbling which seem to be the stock in trade of the Metropolitan management. This lack of confidence may be the reason for the preponderance of outside lenders in the collection. But whether this be so or not, the result is excellent, for it gives a chance to New Yorkers to see some of the pictures bought by amateurs in Chicago, Boston, and other cities, which are at once 'interned' in private galleries. 'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good. Perhaps the fact that the Metropolitan has at the start been saddled with a manager of doubtful antecedents and questionable gifts, a large debt and a mass of indisposable antiquities, will cause the whole matter of museums and art collections in trust to be so thoroughly sifted that complications of the same nature will be impossible hereafter. Let us hope that those guilty of neglecting their duties, and the weak-kneed, and the hoodwinked, if such there be in the disagreeable mess, will have the manliness to court the widest investigation and the patriotism to see that the Museum does not suffer any longer from the ugly suspense in which its management now rests. The thing has gone so far that the only course for gentlemen and men of honor is to demand thorough investigations by parties untampered with—or send in their resignations. Neither of these courses has been pursued with the promptness expected of gentlemen. They appear to have listened to interested lawyers and persons of the small politician stripe. The futility of trying to evade the matter, or to hush up criticism, or to live such things down, is clearly part and parcel of the situation. If the protests are stifled now, they are none the less alive. If the manager and his accomplices are guilty of a tenth of what is charged, it is a mere question of time when the truth will come out. The sooner the better. Any day a wealthy man may die who would leave money to such an institution if its record were clear. Of course he will leave it elsewhere while the cloud rests on the management. The mere fact that public confidence is for the present shaken makes it an absolute necessity that, for the present at least, the management should resign. Reinstatement will follow, if injustice has been done them, and they will be doubly strong from the desire to make up for the temporary suspicion.

Why Not Keep Open Longer?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

The fifty-seventh exhibition of the National Academy has just closed. The Academy building has also closed, and nearly a hundred and fifty students are wondering what they shall do till it reopens in the fall. The 'necessary closing of the building' has brought their studies to an end a month or six weeks before the natural time. True, these students pay nothing for the privilege of drawing from the models and casts on the ground floor of the Academy building; but then their presence puts the Academicians to no expense, for the janitor is in attendance whether the place is open or closed. Why should a generous act—the throwing open of these rooms to young people to whom art-work is an avocation—be marred by the premature closing of the place?

NEW YORK, May 23, 1882.

ART STUDENT.

Art Notes.

THE Zuni Indians, of whom we have heard so much lately, are described at some length in a brilliantly illustrated article in the June number of *Harper's Monthly*.

An important painting by Diaz, 'Deserted by Love,' has just been added to Messrs. Knoedler & Co.'s gallery, where two small examples of Corot and Jules Breton are also to be seen.

The 'Life and Works of Thomas Bewick,' the famous wood-engraver, by D. C. Thompson, will probably be ready in June. Mr. Bouton says it will contain many facts and anecdotes of Bewick's life never before published. The text will be profusely illustrated, Bewick's original blocks being used in many instances, while in others there will be fac-simile reproductions of his work. There will be but 325 copies of this work.

Mr. John La Farge has just finished one of his admirable stained-glass windows for the Crane Library, at Quincy, Mass. Mr. La Farge is at work on three windows for Trinity Church, Boston, and a Garfield memorial window for the chapel of Williams College—a gift of Mr. Cyrus W. Field.

'The Graphic Arts' has been published by Messrs. Roberts Bros. uniformly with their regular edition of Mr. Hamerton's works. A new preface has been written for this edition, which is printed with out the plates. The large-paper copies of 'The Graphic Arts,' of which only a limited edition was printed, have risen in value from \$65 to \$100.

The Drama

'OLD SHIPMATES,' a nautical drama by Robert Griffin Morris, is being played with success at Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre. Mr. Morris is a journalist of this city. His play, therefore, has been received by the press with the friendliness that journalists always show for the work of one of their guild. It is wonderful how these writers love one another. Other men of letters have their jealousies, their spites, their revenges. Journalists dwell together in unity. If one of their number produces a play, the rest are delighted. They will not, of course, commend the production, for that would expose the author to ridicule. They determine to treat it as they would treat a masterpiece of antiquity—point out its faults with candid pen, dwell entirely on its blemishes, like a German critic before Michael Angelo's 'Moses' or an Italian before a portrait by Rubens. These are the offices of friendship, and Mr. Morris has profited by them.

For our own part we got a great deal of honest amusement out of 'Old Shipmates.' Its model would seem to be 'Black Ey'd Susan.' It has not the pathos, nor the admirable dialogue of Jerrold's work; but Captain Marlin Weathergaze, its hero, is far more true to life than was ever sweet William; and Harriet Lane, its heroine, speaks out her true little heart in language whose simplicity would be disdained by Susan. And it is not materially assisted by the principal actors. Miss Georgia Cayvan, the Harriet of the piece, dawdles through her part. She plainly does not care for it. We have a high opinion of Miss Cayvan's abilities, and should place her with Miss Ada Rehan as one of our most promising actresses. But she seems to be spoiled by her sudden elevation. She was lately playing the Queen in the Greek tragedy, and to descend from Queen Jocasta to Harriet Lane, from the purple byssus to the dress of muslin, from Sophocles to Morris, she seems to regard as histrionic degradation. It is not so with Mr. Frank Mordaunt, who represents Captain Weathergaze. Mr. Mordaunt carries the play on his shoulders. They are strong shoulders, quite equal to the load imposed on them. But the plot insists that he shall make love, and make love, too, to a very young girl, and as Captain Weathergaze is a New Bedford whaler, portly, weather-beaten, not in the prime of life, the illusion is marred considerably.

It will be found on closer inspection that in this drama, as in most dramas, the author is responsible for the greater share of the success. Mr. Morris shows a true dramatic talent. His characters, if you will, are conventional; his story, if you like, is old. But he has an ability more useful for the stage than either that of fashioning a character or building a story. He understands the art of climax. Nothing could be worked up more skilfully than the affection of the Captain for the little girl with whom he used to play. Harriet has grown since then into the bloom of modest maidenhood. When the whaler comes back from his voyage, she is too shy to speak to him. This takes him aback. He has brought her a monkey and a parrot, and under the influence of his presents she begins to thaw. They remember old times. She shows him that she has not forgotten how to box the compass, and after a while they are romping together, as of old. When the Captain hears she is engaged to a lawyer, his instinct is simply to bid God bless her. When he learns that the lawyer is Counsellor Witham, a rascal, he takes time to consider; and what with the reminiscences, and the romp, and the boxing of the compass, he comes to ask himself why it should not be he, rather than the lawyer; and when the counsellor's father threatens to turn her out of the house unless she marries his son, what more natural than that Captain Weathergaze should take her in his arms and say, 'While I have a deck under me, she shall never want a home!'

From this point, with one unfortunate break, the plot of the piece runs smoothly on. In order that he may provide for Harriet Lane, Captain Weathergaze demands back a sum of \$6000 which he has entrusted to Captain Ned Witham, the counsellor's father. But Captain Ned has spent the money and tries to put its owner off. He had also, in by-gone days, been entrusted by Harriet's father with a sum of \$20,000, and this, which was meant for the girl, he had squandered too. He does not, however, give himself much anxiety about it, for Harriet's father was long since dead, the receipt for the

money had been torn up, and nobody knew that it had ever changed hands. So thinks Captain Witham; but herein he is wrong, for Dan Denny, the boatsteerer, one of those eccentric tars who have their recognized place in nautical dramas, had not only seen the transaction, but had pieced together the bits of the torn receipt, and now brings them in evidence against the rascally Witham. So Witham shoots him, and he is carried off to Captain Weathergaze's boat, the *Aurora Borealis*. Thither, with her full consent, Weathergaze takes Harriet, and thither, armed with a writ against the abductor, comes Captain Ned. Whereupon Weathergaze locks himself into the cabin with Witham, and after a tremendous struggle is on the point of being demolished, when in rushes Dan Denny, safe and sound, confounds the murderous Witham, places Harriet in Weathergaze's arms, and concludes the piece with a nautical benediction.

This is a good working plot and it is skilfully varied. There are many fresh bits of character in it. Foremost of these is Mrs. Abigail Coffin, known as 'the Commodore,' who has already been to sea in some unexplained capacity, and shivers her timbers like the best of them. With Weathergaze and Denny she completes the trio of 'old shipmates,' who are matched against the three villains, Captain Wiltham, the counsellor, and a certain Mrs. Cherry Jones, better known as 'the Widder,' who pursues honest Weathergaze with her affection, and seeks some very dire vengeance when, in sailor's fashion, expressed with a frankness that delights the gallery, he jilts her. There is also a trim little waiting-maid, who at intervals during the play is kissed by a mysterious person called One-Armed Johnny, who only appears for that purpose, and, having accomplished it, swiftly and silently vanishes. This part is delightfully played by Miss Louise Dillon, and that of 'the Commodore,' with equal humor, by Mrs. J. H. Rowe. Indeed, one cannot help thinking to how much greater advantage our actors appear in plays which they thoroughly understand, and with the life of which they are in entire sympathy. Mr. Charles B. Waite as Denny, Mr. G. J. Henderson as the Counsellor, Mr. J. F. Hagan as Captain Wiltham, and Miss Addie Eaton as the Widow, are all excellent. Mr. Mordaunt's love-making in the third act, and, indeed the whole of that act, which is not skilfully built on its predecessor, might with advantage be expunged. What would then remain would still suffice to make this one of the best American plays yet presented.

'FLORINEL,' a new drama, by Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld, was produced at the Park Theatre on Monday night. Mr. Rosenfeld is not, so far as we know, a journalist, and the critics have therefore felt no restraint in calling attention to his merits. His play, however, is not distinctly American. Its scene is laid in France and its personages have French names. Its motive is the motive of M. Auguste Maquet's drama, 'Le Château de Grantier,' Englished by Charles Reade, and played in this country by Miss Claxton and Mr. Stevenson. Its elaboration may, however, be all original, for the 'Château de Grantier' gets quickly lost in the smoke of battle, and Mr. Rosenfeld's piece pursues idyllic paths throughout. But whether it be French or German we are at no pains to decide. The only point on which it is necessary to insist is that a play of this class is not entitled to the consideration which is properly demanded by 'Old Shipmates.' Fancy an American writer sitting down in this great bustling city, with its belt of elevated railroads, and its fret-work of telegraph wires, and its fleet of ocean-going steamers, and its life, its noise, its amusements—fancy his sitting down here and penning a drama about powdered French nobles of a century ago.

Marcelle, a young lady at a boarding-school in Paris, is loved by René de Runières. She has made a clandestine appointment to meet him. The appointment is discovered and Marcelle is on the point of being expelled in disgrace from the school when Florinel, her companion, takes the blame on herself and suffers dishonor to save her friend. This is not an intelligible motive to Americans. We are a practical race and know that at an American boarding-school Marcelle's little affair would be set right with a few words. At Orleans or Tours or some of the French provincial towns it might, even to-day, be regarded as a heinous offense; but at Paris—well, we commend to Mr. Rosenfeld's notice some of Gresset's poems on the manners of Parisian ladies' schools in the last century, and a good many young women, now residing in New York, can tell him that they have not materially changed since Gresset wrote. 'Florinel' is devised to display the histrionic and vocal powers of Miss Julia A. Hunt. Histrionically, Miss Hunt may distinguish herself if she drops quietly into a stock company and learns her business from the beginning. Vocally, she is not a linnnet.

MR. FREDERICK BOCK is another untried dramatist who seeks popular approval. His play, 'The Living Age,' was produced on Tuesday night at the Union Square Theatre. Mr. Bock is an actor and at least understands the advantage of making his scenes modern and surrounding them with circumstances which the audience can readily appreciate. He reproduces the French Market at New Orleans, the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, the Horseshoe Bend on

the Pennsylvania Railroad, an opium den in New York, and an imposing view on Brooklyn Heights. He has a terrible story to tell about one Labourdonnais, a French adventurer, and the efforts of one Peterson, a detective, to catch him. Labourdonnais wants to get some papers which shall give him the hand and fortune of Marie Durant, a wealthy heiress. He first excites the New Orleans mob to a riot, hoping to accomplish his purpose during the tumult. That fails. Then he tries to kill Marie's lover, an Englishman named Mackenzie. That fails. Then he tries to mesmerize Marie. That fails. Then, after wooing the maiden in the Mammoth Cave, he hies him to the Horseshoe Bend, lays a dynamite mine for an approaching train, and despite the efforts of Peterson, the detective, blows up engine and carriages, and, with remarkable precision, discovers the missing papers among the ruins. But Peterson raids the New York opium den, gets evidence to prove that Labourdonnais is living sumptuously on Brooklyn Heights, runs the adventurer to earth, and marries Marie to Mackenzie. The audience, somewhat cruelly, treated the play as a huge joke.

Music

Complimentary Concert to Mme. Bishop.

THE complimentary concert tendered to Mme. Anna Bishop at Chickering Hall last Saturday night, called out many admirers of the songstress whose name has long been a household word. It is only a few weeks since the metropolitan press gave Mme. Bishop a hearty welcome on her reappearance after a retirement, more or less complete, of several years' duration; and much surprise was then manifested that a voice, never of the heaviest calibre, should have so well withstood the wear and tear of an arduous career. The lapse of a few weeks has wrought no change; but last Saturday's concert afforded, if anything, still better proof not only of the purity of the voice in question, but of the power true artists possess of overcoming physical disabilities which to the less cultivated would be insuperable. Mme. Bishop was heard in a number of selections, so varied in style as easily to have convinced any one who heard her for the first time, of the supremacy which was once hers, as well in opera as in oratorio, or on the concert stage. Most enjoyable was her singing of 'Home, Sweet Home' (as an encore to 'Robert, toi que j'aime'), and most interesting her rendition of 'Let the Bright Seraphim,' with Mr. Morgan as organist, and Mr. Arbuckle playing the cornet obligato. It is well that Mme. Bishop remains, to correct, by her example, some of the vicious tendencies of the modern concert-stage. Space admits only of a bare enumeration of the artists to whose courtesy the beneficiary of the evening was indebted: Miss Beebe, Mme. Lablache, Mrs. Florence Rice-Knox, Mrs. Chatterton-Bohrer, Miss Fanny Lovering, Messrs. Morgan, S. B. Mills, and Arbuckle, and Signor Lencioni. The audience was numerically strong, and in a mood befitting the pleasantness of the occasion.

Musical Notes.

THE text of the new comic opera on which Gounod is working is founded on the legend of the Lorelei.

Miss Agnes Huntingdon, a young American contralto, has just made her debut in London, and is said to have produced a favorable impression.

Mlle. Théon will give the first of sixty performances of operabouffe, in this country, under the management of Mr. Grau, on September 18.

English and German opera, it would seem, are driving Italian from the field, in London. The recent performance of Wagner's 'Nibelungen Ring,' at Her Majesty's Theatre, has met with the greatest success. It is not a little surprising that this gigantic work was not heard in New York before its production in London. Heretofore we have been a long way in advance of England in giving Wagner's music. Would it not have been a more successful venture than the late Music Festival, about which there was nothing original, Dr. Damrosch having done the same thing a year before?

Mr. George Conly, the basso, and Mr. Herman Rietzel, pianist, were drowned in Spofford Lake, N. H., a few miles from Brattleboro, Vt., on Friday last. Mr. Conly, who was thirty-seven years of age, began his musical career with the Kellogg English Opera Company, under the management of Mr. C. D. Hess; and, as it happens, he was a member of Miss Kellogg's Company when he died. Before going upon the stage he had been a printer in Philadelphia, and, as a lad, had served throughout the war. He had a beautiful voice, which lacked cultivation. As a singer he was unusually popular, and off the stage he made many friends by his genial, manly, and generous disposition. A performance for the benefit of his widow and two children is being arranged under Miss Kellogg's auspices. Mr. Rietzel, though but nineteen years of age, gave fine promise as a pianist.

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